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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1878.

NUMBER 18.

POETRY.

FE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on
By paths we did not know,
Upward he leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day.

Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on.

He leads us on
Throughout the unquiet years:

Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts and
fears,
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled
maze

Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days;
We know his will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He at last,
After the weary strife,

After the restless fever we call strife—
After the dearliness, the aching pain—
The wayward struggles, which have proved in
vain—

After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

STORM TELLER.

HARRY'S COMPACT.

until we get into smooth, working or-
der. First, I will give the little ones a
excise."

She went to the blackboard, gave a
few bold, free strokes with some color-
ed crayons she had brought, and lo! a
picture of a dog lying at the feet of a
child stood out in fine relief. Smiling
at the children's delighted faces, she
told them a brief but engrossing story
about the two, holding attention from
first to last, then printed some short
explanatory words underneath her
sketch for them to say over in concert
until memorized.

"There, children, that is your first
lesson in reading and spelling. Now
sit down. You shall have slates and
pencils to copy—"

Just then a large spit-ball whizzed
past, escaping her cheek, and lodging
on the blackboard. She glanced around
in search of the sender, whose look of
preternatural innocence at once betray-
ed him.

"The boy who is studying so very in-
dustrious may come to me."

A schoolmistress had been engaged
in place of the outgoing master, who
had been called to a professor's chair
at —— University.

She was to be in the little old school
house on the first Monday in May.

There had been some difference of
opinion among the people—one party
wishing for a gentleman; the other
from motives of economy, preferring a
lady teacher. The latter faction had
carried the day.

School opened with a full attend-
ance. One class consisted of lads
whose ages ranged from sixteen to
twenty. They had been much attach-
ed to Mr. Osborne, and the idea of see-
ing a lady in his place was so distaste-
ful to them that they had formed a
league among themselves to make the
place, as they said, "too hot" for her.

Taken singly, each would have been
ashamed to annoy a woman, but one
had urged another on until their views
seemed right and justifiable.

Miss Brown was in happy ignorance
of this unpleasant feeling, as she was
a stranger in the place. An old friend
had heard of the position, and, know-
ing her to be in search of one, had ad-
vised her to apply for it.

The school-house boasted but one
room. A platform ran across the end; on
it stood a desk, with a Bible, a pen, and a
fernle, in close proximity to each
other.

Of the two rows of seats, ranged
along the sides, those nearest the en-
trance were reserved for the older
scholars, as they were provided with
desks; the others, being without that
convenience, were occupied by the
primary class.

Between these benches, filled with
children, watching her entrance with
eager, curious eyes, lay Miss Brown's
pathway to her desk.

As she came in, there were looks,
first of surprise, then of amusement.

She was so petite, with a round,
childish face, which flushed slightly as
she saw the formidable class of boys,
all taller, and some of them older than
herself.

For a moment she was conscious of
a feeling of dismay; but down deep
in her heart lurked a trust in the in-
nate nobleness of the manly nature,
and of its chivalrous respect for woman,
so she soon rallied her courage.

Turning, as she reached the plat-
form, she said pleasantly:

"I am glad to see so many bright,
young faces here this morning. Our
purpose is the same—to work. I to
teach, you to learn. I shall give you
very few rules, so there will be no
temptation to break them, and I hope
that the end of the season will find our
school one to be proud of. Let us begin
by saying the Lord's prayer."

Now he would gladly have been ab-
solved from his promise, as Miss Brown
had also become a great favorite with
him; but it was too good an opportu-
nity for fun to be lost, and the boys
insisted that he should fulfill his com-
pact, and—kiss the teacher.

As they made known their views,
Harry's face clouded, until a happy
thought struck him.

"All right, fellows, I'll do it; but
I'll not promise when," and with this
the boys had to rest content.

It is the custom in some country
places for the teacher to board around;

first spending a portion of her time
with one, then with another of the pu-
pils' parents, until all have done their
share of entertaining.

Miss Brown was at Harry Chisholm's
during the month of June, and found
her stay there very pleasant. Harry
despoiled the woods of treasures of
moss and flowers to decorate the
rooms in her honor, and his mother
spared no pains in compounding mar-
vels of delicious cookery to tempt her.

"The older pupils will please take
the books they have been accustomed
to use and prepare lessons. I will form
the classes as soon as I have time to
examine all, but it will be slow work

There was now but one thing want-
ing to make Harry perfectly happy,

and that was to have his former friend

and teacher, Mr. Osborne, pay them a
visit. So with his mother's consent he
wrote and invited him to spend Saturday
and Sunday with them.

The young teacher came home from
the half-day Saturday session feeling
tired and dispirited. As she entered
into the shady east parlor, which was
the favorite sitting room of the family,
her eyes, unused to the subdued light,
failed to notice that it was already ten-
anted.

She sank into an inviting looking
easy chair, and giving her sun bonnet a
toss to the table leaned wearily back
and closed her eyes.

The rattle of a newspaper caused her
to open them again suddenly, and find
that she had intruded thus uncer-
emoniously upon another visitor. As
she rose confusedly the gentleman
came forward and held out his hand. After
one surprised glance she gave a
little cry of pleasure.

"Mr. Osborne! am I dreaming? or is
it a ghost instead of your very own
self?"

"No ghost I assure you; but I feel
like echoing your question. How is it
I find you here in this quiet out-of-the-
way place?"

Just then Rosie Brown recollects
herself. She must not let this man,
who had for a few brief months brought
such happiness into her life, and then
had dropped out so suddenly, and for
a time had caused even the sunlight to
seem a mockery to her—she must not
let him see how her heart throbbed.
After one surprised glance she gave a
little cry of pleasure.

"I am Harry's teacher, and am stay-
ing here for the present."

"You! teaching a district school!
What does it mean? I thought you
were married and on your way to Eu-
rope months ago."

"Married!" began Rosie, in bewil-
derment. Then her lips commenced
to tremble, and before she could sum-
mon pride to her aid the tears came
and she was sobbing bitterly.

James Osborne's face was study. He
made a movement forward—longing
to gather her to his heart and
kiss away the tears; but he restrained
himself.

"Rosie," he said, after a moment's
troubled silence, "did you receive a let-
ter from me soon after I went away?"

"No," she said, wiping her eyes and
looking wonderingly into his agitated
face.

"I wrote to you as soon as I had se-
cured my professorship, and asked you
—oh, Rosie! do you know what my
question was?"

Rosie's pretty head drooped beneath
her lover's gaze, but she had no more
tears to hide. Her face shone with a
sudden sunlight of joy. She had been
right after all in her intuitions. Jamie
Osborne had loved her, and she had
not misconstrued his meaning when
he had whispered at their parting:

"As soon as my future is decided
upon I am going to write and ask my
little friend a question. Until then I
must keep silence."

Her heart had thrilled as she listened
to the low tender tones, and for
weeks the postman's arrival had been
awaited with eager eyes. Then the
dreary interval of disappointment, and
at last the feeling that she had been
cruelly deceived—that he whom she
had thought so noble and true had
been trifling with her heart's deepest
and holiest emotions.

"Rosie," he said, after a moment's
trouble, "it was a call to little Rosie to come
and help him decorate the pretty home-
nest the writer was at last in circum-
stances to build, and to be its beloved
and honored mistress. But no answer
came, and soon after I read in the
Times a notice of the marriage of Miss
Rosalind Brown—"

Rosie interrupted him impetuously.

"I see it all now. That was my
cousin Rosie, and—do you think
it was I?"

"Then, Rosie, will you answer my
question now? Will you be my wife?"

Rosie looked up. Smiles and tears
were contending for the mastery, but
smiles carried the day. A little of her
old archness came into the face lately
so grave and quiet.

"Don't it seem like a dangerous ex-
periment when you think of it? I have

of late developed a faculty for govern-
ing, and I might try my powers upon
you."

Her lover answered in the same
spirit.

"In that case it would be 'diamond
cut diamond,' for I am a teacher too,
you know."

N. B.—Harry carried out his
contract with his schoolmates. He did
kiss the teacher; but it was not until
he officiated as "best man" at her wed-
ding.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 26, 1878.

The wheels of legislation move slowly
as time wears on. The cheerful
sunshine of spring tints the future
with more hopeful prospects, and men
in business are committing themselves
to their daily toil with braver hearts
and more heroic purposes.

APPEARANCE OF THE CONGREGATION.

The chapel is the room over the
vestry; the entrance to which is gained
through the tower at the corner of the
church. An unpretentious altar stands
opposite the door by which you go in; fronting toward it are a few seats. The services had just begun as the *Daily News* reporter stepped forward, as lightly as possible, for fear of disturbing some one. But an acquaintance, who is master of the sign-language, and kindly acted as interpreter for the day, spoke out, asking him to be seated at his side without having the least idea that he was committing any impropriety by so doing.

AN ODD CHARACTER.

A sable African, as black as lamp-
black could have made him, was the
center of quite a group, whom he was
entertaining with some very remark-
able gestures. He has no mixed blood
in his veins, for he traces his ancestry
back through a long line of West
A

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The annual election for wardens and vestrymen of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York, was held in that church on Tuesday in Easter week, immediately after morning service which began at 8 a. m. The polls closed at 9:30 a. m. The rector, Rev. Dr. Galaudet, presided and appointed Messrs. James Lewis and Robert Reynolds to act as tellers. After their report, the rector declared that Messrs. D. C. Murray and P. P. Dickinson had been elected Wardens, and Messrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, W. W. Wait, J. C. Tracy, H. J. Haight, W. H. Wismer, D. P. Lord, A. B. Carpenter and G. S. Stringfield vestrymen for the ensuing ecclesiastical year.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald has been a vestryman since 1859, a longer time than that of any other member of the vestry.

The injury which resulted in the death of Martin Brown, supervisor of the boys at the New York Institution, was undoubtedly purely accidental, and a matter of deep regret to all concerned; but it is a question for those in authority to decide whether certain kinds of athletic feats are unsafe as pastimes for deaf-mutes.

Years ago the pupils of the New York Institution pursued the game of foot-ball with such zeal that an occasional broken leg was the consequence; whereupon the governing power deemed it his duty to forbid the sport.

We always like to hear of our mute friends finding enjoyment and health in this or that exercise; but when a certain part of it is found to have a tendency to danger, we submit that wise forethought suggests a cessation from that particular feat of the athlete.

A scandal involving the principal of the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf-mutes, one of the female teachers and one or more of the female scholars of that institution is going the rounds of the press. Of the truth or falsity contained in the rumors we are not, of course, as yet prepared to state, but the proposed investigation will, we presume, bring the facts to light. If innocent, his defamers deserve the severest punishment; but if guilty of the charges preferred, he should have justice meted to him commensurate with the disgrace he has brought upon himself and those under his care. The following in relation to the case we copy from an exchange:

MADISON, Wis., April 23.

The State Board of Charities and Reform is in secret session at the capital, and there is under consideration a most serious charge against the principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Delavan, in this State. It is alleged that criminality has for some time existed between the principal and one of his female teachers, and also between him and one or more of the female

ministers.

Samuel Norris, a graduate of the Manchester, Eng., Institution, recently married to Miss Catherine F. Buschick, of Chicago, is working at ornamental stone cutting at Lemont, Ill., twenty-five miles southwest of Chicago. Having served a long apprenticeship at his trade in England he is a thoroughly first-class workman. Much of the finest ornamental work on the new courthouse at Chicago was done by him.

William Hutton, a graduate of the same institution, now living in Cleveland, O., has at last found a good situation at marble cutting and carving, at which trade he is also an expert.

To-day middle aged male deaf-mutes asked aid from those he met. He pretended to be anxious to leave town, but did not have the means with which to purchase a ticket. He applied to Baker & Chittenden's to see if they did not have some old tickets to give away. Mr. Chittenden surveyed the man and came to the conclusion that all was not well. Charley Cooper, who was passing, was beckoned in and asked to converse with the stranger in the mute language. He tried it, but did not succeed well, as the man knew nothing about it. They wrote on a card that the man was a big fraud, and the man walked away reading it. —Waterloo Times, April 23, 1878.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

Local Paragraphs.

Miss Gussie Chandler has a nice new piano.

Some very refreshing showers within the last few days.

We are sorry to hear that Henry Doyle is very sick.

E. L. Huntington is building the foundation for his new house.

Harry Webb has lately been sick, but we learn that he is getting better.

We hear that Phillip Smith has lately been very sick, but is now a little better.

A good, new, substantial plank walk has lately been laid in front of the M. E. Church.

A. S. Gibson, of Camden, while in town last week, made us a short, but very pleasant call.

The Mexico Hotel barns are being moved by Josiah Averill, preparatory to building the town hall.

Carpenter & Consens recently took a job of painting two houses in Parish owned by Mrs. A. White, formerly of this village.

Mrs. Horace B. Whitney, of this village, has been quite sick for some time past, but we are pleased to hear that she is now much better.

RUMOR says a deaf-mute base ball club is shortly to be organized in Tennessee—a club that is going to lick every other deaf-mute club. It is going to Washington next fall to whip the Ken-

nedy. Bishop McLaren will hold confirmation at Rockford, Ill., May 14th, at which it is possible for the two deaf-mute candidates living at Pocatonia, in the vicinity, to receive the apostle of confirmation.

Pray. Job Turner arrived at Mobile, Ala., Sunday morning, the 21st ult., and met with a cordial reception during his stay there, indulging in the luxury of nice blackberries, strawberries, Jap-pan plums and early vegetables.

Rev. A. W. Mann conducted service in St. James' Church, Chicago, on Easter Sunday. The attendance was unusually large, twenty-six deaf-mutes being present. Miss Angie Fuller was also present on the occasion. The services were unusually interesting.

On Wednesday, March 27th, the Rev. Job Turner, missionary, visited three deaf-mutes on John's Island, at the request of the Bishop of the diocese, who confirmed them recently. He was very cordially received, and his visit was appreciated greatly.—*Churchman.*

We were well acquainted with Mr. Zadock Pratt, mentioned in Mr. Strong's letter elsewhere in our paper, and while at work rolling leather in our father's tannery many years ago at Florence, N. Y., at which place he visited, he saw me at that business and patted our back.

A pleasant event occurred on the 25th of April, at North Beverly, Mass.,—the marriage of John Butler, of Brookline, and Addie J. Barnard, of North Beverly, Mass. A large number of friends witnessed the ceremony, and numerous gifts were bestowed on the happy young couple.

On Easter Sunday evening among the candidates, whose numbers were twenty-nine, for confirmation was William T. Collins, who was assisted by Bishop Doane, of Albany, assisted by the rector, Rev. Mr. Harrison, and his assistant, Rev. Mr. Pickaley, at St. Paul's Church, Troy, N. Y.

John Bacon, at one time connected with the Washington college, is now employed as driver for a lumber company in Florida. He came near killing himself and his team by driving too near the railroad track. A pretty deaf-mute seamstress down there, rumor hath it, wants him for a husband.

John Sexton, of Troy, N. Y., returned home from the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., lately, taking four days to spend his Easter visit among his friends, in which time he surprised the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club by his appearance as if having stepped out of a "hand box." He was looking very pale.

At a confirmation held in Portsmouth, O., recently by Bishop Jaggar, a deaf-mute man was confirmed, together with sixteen other persons, in Christ Church. Rev. Mr. Mann was present, and held a sign service in the afternoon, which was largely attended. The Bishop was present and made an address.

We were recently informed, by the despatches, of the death of D. P. Bullard, a mute. He was walking on the railroad track in Kansas, when the locomotive came along and settled the serious question how much longer he had to live on earth. Can any tell us of what institution Mr. Bullard was a graduate?

The Superintendent is employed on his "First Report." We have seen an outline of his plan, and have no hesitation in saying that it will be the most comprehensive and complete report which has ever emanated from this Institution.

Principals of other Institutions will find in it some tables which have never appeared in a similar report, and which cannot fail to be interesting to all who have at heart the welfare of the deaf and dumb.—*Kansas Star.*

About thirty young ladies and gentleman met at the house of Mrs. J. R. Stone, in this village, last Friday evening, their object being a surprise to our friend "June" in honor of his near approaching birthday. The role of innocent deception, in similar instances made and provided, was resorted to, and rewarded with the usual success. "June" was enticed away from home, under promise of an evening's pleasant entertainment, long enough for a multitude of friends to take surreptitious possession, as far as "June" was concerned, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it was a case of genuine, undisputable reality. The entertainment proved one of the most agreeable and pleasant kind; refreshments of the choicest, get-up were served with the most lavish profusion; all were delighted and happy; and at a moderately late hour the invaders left for their various homes, after having had a very large time. The "typo" hopes his birthday will come twice this year, and that he will be away from home both times as he was last Friday night.

Our canal system is not to be ignored—it must be preserved; but, compared with this active energy, which

Speech of Hon. DeWitt C. Peck, in Assembly, April 10, 1878.

THE CANAL QUESTION.

The amendment to sections three, five and six of article seven of the Constitution proposed by Hon. L. L. Hayes abolishing tolls upon the canals and supporting them by tax upon the State, being under consideration, Mr. Peck said:

MR. CHAIRMAN.—The resolutions before us for consideration would, by strict and literal interpretation, seem to involve only the success and prosperity of our principal canal system.

The question really at issue is one of far wider import. It is the transportation problem, and the relation of the State of New York to that problem.

Any discussion which ignores, or even deludes any of the great factors in that problem, is false to the interests of our State, and false to the interests of our cities, because it will be fatal to our true commercial interests.

We shall commit a grave error, if, in self laudation at the prosperity which our canals have hitherto brought us, we close our eyes to the agencies which are steadily and surely enabling other communities other cities, other States to dispute our proud claim to supremacy.

Entranced by the magnificent floral display, and the no less beautiful flowers of eloquence with which this discussion was opened by the chairman of the canal committee, carrying us back, as he did, on rounded

periods, to the glories of Damascus and Babylon, and enmeshing us in fal-

lacy as he wove the fine and fanciful fabric of a dream, we shall commit a fatal mistake if we forget the forces at work in the nineteenth century.

Bewildered by the entire delusion from the "sage of Onondaga," that Little Falls is the only gateway through the mountain chain dividing the west from the sea board, we must not forget that heavy grain-laden trains, drawn by

steeds of mighty power, are to-day trampling down the Alleganies as though they were mole hills.

Ten or fifteen years ago New York

might almost be said to have commanded the commerce of the continent.

Then rails of soft iron were upon all our railroads. The size of trains was limited by the weight of engines, the maximum being only ten or twelve tons, and these were confined to low grades.

If the weight or power of engines was increased, the soft rail lost or changed

its fibrous texture, and crushed down beneath the constant tread of the too heavy power. Then the Alleganies were practically insurmountable, then Little Falls was the key to the whole commercial situation.

Henry Bessemer, by his simple and cheap process of decarbonizing iron, has given us a rail

which no longer crushes under engines

of twenty and thirty tons, with steam

power and train burden proportionately increased.

Nitro-glycerine is another of these

forces. It crumbles the hardest rock,

it breaks down the steepest inclivities,

and opens chasms and bores tunnels

through the hitherto unyielding moun-

tain-tops.

Coal is another force and prime fac-

tor in this problem. Coal is converti-

ble into power. Coal is power; and

cheap coal is cheap power. The

Alleganies, which were the obstacle, con-

tained, stored within their sides, the pow-

er to overcome the obstacle.

Our policy has certainly operated to

the injury of our agricultural districts;

driven from point to point—from grain

culture to beef growing and wool

growing, from these to the dairy, hops,

tobacco, fruits, etc., their market con-

tinued to the near by villages and towns

—their labor meets with but small,

slow and uncertain returns. To fur-

ther show this adverse change upon

the farmers of New York, let me quote

from the report of Messrs. David A.

Wells, L. J. Stark and William

Thurston, commissioners invited by

the Canal Board to consider and report

on tolls, etc.:

"The tonnage of agricultural produce at tide-

water by way of the Erie canal in 1836 was 105,

of which 117,870 tons were credited as the

produce of New York, and only 48,000 tons

coming from the entire west and Canada. But

from this time to the year 1872, when the tonnage

was increased with great regularity and rapidity

until the year 1863, when the total became 1,993

911 tons, with this very noticeable reversal of the proportions: 1,676,480 tons being credited for

that year to the Western States and Canada, and only 133,431 as derived from New York. Since

the year 1863 the aggregate tonnage of the Erie and Champlain canals has been

but not to a very marked extent as to the

products of the Western States until 1875; but

so notably in respect to agricultural tonnage, the

product of New York, that for the year 1875 and 1876, the latter was

but 22,075,470 showing a net income of \$50,876,444,

or 10 per cent. of the gross income during the

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

Interesting News From Cherry Valley.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Spring has suddenly come upon us with its splendor that, as far as the weather is concerned, affords us much happiness.

The moving season of farmers, on the 1st of April, is generally very well known. Mr. Frederick Fox, a white-haired deaf-mute farmer, has moved to Cherry Valley village, on to a farm to which belongs the famous and beautiful Tekahawara Falls.

In Sprout Brook, N. Y., a Bible-class for deaf-mutes was organized on the 16th day of September, 1877. A monthly service is held, and there is an attendance of six or eight deaf-mutes, who are mostly graduates of the Canajoharie Central Institution.

Mr. George W. Campbell attended well to the business of maple sugar making, and filled numerous jars or bottles with syrup, the quality of which is very delicious. This business is now closed, for spring has come and the sap is all wanted to nourish the trees.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Garlock and son, of Fort Plain, N. Y., went to Schoharie county, N. Y., last winter for the purpose of visiting their relatives and friends. On returning home, they said they were well rested, and highly delighted with the visit.

Last August a deaf and dumb gentleman, of Cherry Valley, had occasion to travel as a pleasure-seeker, and to improve his health, while it was reported that Mrs. Nelson Cook was going to Blenheim, N. Y., to visit her daughter, Mrs. James McKeyser, a graduate of the New York Institution High Class, and also to visit her grandchildren. When the train was ready to start the pleasure-seeker escorted her to the cars, and he took a seat in the engineer's cab. Mrs. Cook looked happy, but knew nothing of his ride on the same train. The pleasure-seeker rang the bell at the sight of every sign, "Railroad crossing look out for the cars." Between Sharon and Cobleskill several geese were seen on the track, but, being frightened by the whistle of the locomotive, flew aside; one poor goose, however, was killed.

At the Cobleskill depot the pleasure-seeker caught a glimpse of Mrs. Cook meeting James M. Keyser. In a few minutes she was surprised to see the man of pleasure, and could not find out how he had got there. In the afternoon, after a shower, Mr. Keyser kindly escorted Mrs. Cook and the pleasure-seeker, in a buggy, through the mountains to his home. His appearance in a white coat and hat reminded the pleasure-seeker of Horace Greeley, and Mr. Keyser might have said, "What I know about escorting." Just after sunset they reached his home, fatigued from a long ride. The next day the pleasure-seeker was out observing the farm, barns, cattle and poultry. Mr. Keyser is considered a well-to-do farmer.

There is much beautiful scenery in Schoharie Valley, such as rivers and cascades, and the county of Schoharie is famous for its butter making. Several days having elapsed, Mr. Keyser drove his team southward, in company with his wife, Mrs. Cook and the pleasure-seeker, to Prattsville, N. Y., which is noted as a summer resort. The long drive was through mountains, and along and across the river. On arriving at Prattsville they received a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. James Judson, both deaf-mutes.

Mr. Judson is a shoemaker, bee-keeper and saloon-keeper (he sells root beer, hop beer, and honey beer, which he makes,) though uneducated. His appearance was smart and jolly, and his industry and economy deserve great praise. He has a first-class house and shop of his own, and four speaking daughters, who are all married. His wife is a graduate of the Canajoharie Central Institution.

By Mr. Judson the party was guided to Pratt Park, and climbed its steep mountain to view some curiosity on its rocky precipices. To their pleasant surprise they saw it representing the portrait, in profile, of Mr. Z. Pratt, his son, one favorite horse, mottoes, and some sentences from the professional works of Mr. Pratt, which were sculptured by a New York artist. Their cost was \$5,000, though their perspective is very poor. In Pratt Park there was a plain monument at the graves of three favorite horses, dogs, and one thousand working horses belonging to Mr. Pratt.

From the park the party proceeded to a cemetery where they observed the grave of Mr. Z. Pratt, whose personal history is celebrated for his having once been a United States Senator, a reformer for the reduction of postage,

the surveyor of the Pacific Railroad, the owner of many large farms and a great tannery. About six years ago the angel of death took possession of Mr. Pratt.

The next day the pleasure-seeker went to Middleburg and called upon Mrs. Dr. Daniel Wells, a graduate of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He found it very pleasant to converse with her, as she is an amiable and intelligent lady. Finally, the pleasure-seeker returned home, with his hat and clothes full of dust.

J. E. S.

Cherry Valley, N. Y., April 19, 1878. [We contradict none of our correspondent's statements, but, in our experience, we never knew a pleasure-seeker to assume control of any engineer's locomotive and amuse himself by ringing the bell at every "railroad crossing." However, the "world moves," and so did the geese, excepting one, whose motions were little too slow for steam and the man who was bent on pleasure-seeking.—ED.]

Death of Martin Brown.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Death has been among us again, and we mourn the loss of one whom, it would seem, could least be spared.

Mr. Martin Brown, who, as your readers have been informed, met with a terrible accident, being struck by an iron hammer while he and the other boys were throwing in sport, died from the effect of the blow, at ten minutes before three o'clock last Wednesday morning.

Immediately after the accident the physicians declared his injuries to be fatal; but, when an operation was performed which relieved the brain from the pressure of the fractured skull, he improved so much that they dared hope that the brain was not injured, in which case his good constitution might enable him to get over it; but their hopes proved unfounded. He recovered the full use of his mind within three days after the accident, and retained it for more than a week when he became delirious, from which state he subsequently sank into a stupor. Monday evening another operation was performed and the skull again raised, but in vain; he died that night with out arousing from the stupor.

The coroner came and a *post mortem* examination was made. It was discovered that the injury to the brain and skull was of such a serious nature that he had no chance of life from the first; and it was a matter of great surprise to the physicians that he survived so long.

It is a great loss to our institution. He was the only man that could rank with the late Mr. Bull as a supervisor. It will be impossible to find another such a man for the position.

He was a member of the Episcopal church, and a frank, honest, young man. But it was as an associate that we loved him best. He grew up among us and was our every day companion for years. He was a kind, jovial, warm-hearted schoolmate, who was never known to use his great strength to harass his weaker fellows. He was an expert oarsman, and was twice captain of the High Class boat club. He graduated from the class of 1875, and was one of its best scholars. How sad to lose such a promising member of our community. But we have no reason to mourn beyond our own loss, for it was but his gain, as he died a sincere Christian.

The funeral took place the Friday after his death. A choir of the teachers repeated the burial service of the Episcopal church. The Rev. E. W. Donald, his pastor, officiated on the occasion, and made some very interesting remarks concerning the deceased. By the side of the pall was a beautiful and appropriate emblem of the life and sad end of our friend, in the form of a broken column of flowers. Another emblem was a beautiful floral crown placed at his head, signifying his hopes of heaven. These were tokens of the love and respect which the pupils and his associates, the teachers and officers had for him. Six of the young men from the High Class carried the remains to the hearse and they were borne away to Greenwood cemetery, accompanied by his relatives, some dear friends, and his brethren of the Order of Elect Surds, in a body.

MIL.

New York, April 26, 1878.

It was recently reported that the banks at Wilkesbarre, Scranton and Reading, in Pennsylvania; at Nashville, Davenport, Mobile, and at Madison, Wis., were either paying or prepared to pay gold in small sums. At Stoughton, Wis., the grain dealers attempted to resume specie payment, but it being a greenback neighborhood, most of the farmers refused to touch gold and demanded greenbacks.

CINCINNATI.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THAT "OTHER CHURCH SOCIETY."

In the issue of the JOURNAL of April 18th, I find the following:

"John Barrick and John Lane, late Managers of the Cincinnati Church Deaf-Mute Association, have recently organized another Church Society, with only seven members. What does it mean?"

When you see smoke and fire issuing from the windows and roof of a house it does not require a great deal of discernment to understand what it means. It means a great deal, does it not? Just so, when you see a rival church organization springing up in a small community of deaf-mutes composed of not more than fifty church goers, it does not require the intellect of a Solomon to discern at once that something is wrong, or that a screw is loose somewhere. As with the fire the question at once arises, how did it originate? Who started it? And it is for the purpose of answering these questions, doubtless already propounded by many of the readers of the JOURNAL, that this communication is written.

A person who sets fire to a house and causes destruction of property is justly held amenable to the laws. How much more reprehensible is one who deliberately, and for his own selfish ends, destroys the peace of a whole community by stirring up strife, causing bickerings, feuds and ill will, and that, too, under the cloak of religion?

Six or seven years ago the now venerable Mr. T. R. Middleton, a hearing and speaking gentleman, familiar with the sign language, opened a Bible-class for mutes in this city. At first he conducted it himself, until he had firmly established it, in St. John's Episcopal Church, and then, on account of his increasing infirmities, he relinquished the management of it to the mutes themselves. John Barrick at once took possession and appointed himself "manager," "preacher," "treasurer," "standing committee" and all. To prevent scandal and the untimely breaking up of the class the mutes at first quietly acquiesced, but in the course of time they began to murmur at this usurpation of authority and at his dictatorial ways, and the attendance began to grow less. John Barrick began to see that he was losing his grip and, at his earnest solicitation, Mr. Vanez kindly came to the rescue and by his popularity and intelligence held the mutes together.

The coroner came and a *post mortem* examination was made. It was discovered that the injury to the brain and skull was of such a serious nature that he had no chance of life from the first; and it was a matter of great surprise to the physicians that he survived so long.

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quarters in St. John's Church, and have there continued to hold their meetings regularly ever since.

Now mark the result: Had John B. resigned in good faith, and because he really was tired of his labors, his course would have been very different from what it in fact was. He should have rejoiced to see the society prospering, and done all in his power to aid it. But, surprised, enraged and chagrined at the failure of his real plans and schemes, and finding that in stepping down and out he could not step up and in again, he pocketed all the money of the society—\$13.46—which, as self-appointed treasurer, was in his possession at the time, and refused to turn it over to the duly elected treasurer. Demands, entreaties and expostulations failed to move him. He was obstinate, and reiterated again and again that he proposed to keep it "for his trouble." Finally recourse was had to threats to compel him to hand over the money and accounts, and they succeeded where all other means had failed.

Having failed to break up the society in one way he immediately set to work to do it in another, and for a year and a half he has labored with a persistency, audacity and energy worthy of better cause and surprising in one who was lately so "tired and wanted a rest," and with what result is seen by the paragraph at the head of this article.

In January, 1877, he attempted to organize a rival society and failed. In January, 1878, he tried again, and again failed. Since then by persistent misrepresentations, fostering personal quarrels among some mutes, inciting others and using John Lane, whose chronic discontent is proverbial among the members of the society, as a cat's paw, he has succeeded in drawing away a few of the least intelligent. But Mr. Middleton laid the society on a secure foundation, and John Barrick builded thereon better than he knew, so that, now that all his efforts to tear down the structure have proved abortive, it still stands and he will fail in all his future efforts, too, and only succeed in bringing upon himself and his tools the just contempt of all peace-loving and honorable persons here and elsewhere. ROBERT P. McGREGOR.

A BENEFACTOR TO DEAF-MUTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I again take pleasure in contributing to your worthy paper.

A century is flowing into eternity since Samuel Heinicke erected the first German school for deaf-mutes, and became the benefactor of numberless sufferers of his own and future ages. To celebrate this occurrence the German Deaf-Mute Convention in Leipzig (where Sam. Heinicke gave his first lesson,) has prepared for a grand festival on which the idea to keep in memory the benefactor of deaf-mutes, by erecting a monument, will be realized. The necessary steps to collect contributions have already been taken.

Being put in mind of their brothers in his old native country, the German-American Association of Deaf-Mutes, of this city, desire also to spend the festival here, and proposing to co-operate with him in the good work. This the mutes hailed with delight, and looked forward with pleasure to the coming of Rev. Mr. Mann. Not so with John B. For some reason known only to himself, but which can easily be surmised, he was violently opposed to any one, excepting himself, holding services for mutes in Cincinnati; and he at once set his wits to work to circumvent Mr. Mann. With surprising short-sightedness and stupidity he thought that his object could be attained by removing the meetings from the Episcopal Church, where he had so long held them, to that of another denomination, and, accordingly, on the plea of more light and better room, he made arrangements to remove to the Central Christian Church on Ninth street, which move was duly chronicled in the JOURNAL of that date. Subsequently it dawned upon his clouded intellect that this was not enough. If the mutes would not go to Mohamed, Mohamed might go to the mountain! Accordingly he resolved to remove the mountain—i. e. break up the meetings altogether for a time—until Rev. Mr. Mann had come, found a barren field and retired never to return! Then he would renew the meetings and have the field all to himself! To accomplish this wonderful feat he considered it sufficient for him to resign, or retire for a time, giving as his reason that he was "tired of his arduous labors for so many years and needed a rest," never doubting but that the society would at once fall to pieces without his guiding genius, to remain until it suited his purpose, in his own good time, to gather the fragments together again and imbue them with life. But first he stipulated that a series of resolutions commendatory of himself should be passed and sent to all the mute papers. This the mutes, delighted to get rid so easily of the incubus that had rested on them so long, readily agreed to do, and they allowed him to go so far as to step down and out; and then they immediately reorganized, removed back to their old

quarters in St. John's Church, and have there continued to hold their meetings regularly ever since.

Now mark the result: Had John B. resigned in good faith, and because he really was tired of his labors, his course would have been very different from what it in fact was. He should have rejoiced to see the society prospering, and done all in his power to aid it. But, surprised, enraged and chagrined at the failure of his real plans and schemes, and finding that in stepping down and out he could not step up and in again, he pocketed all the money of the society—\$13.46—which, as self-appointed treasurer, was in his possession at the time, and refused to turn it over to the duly elected treasurer. Demands, entreaties and expostulations failed to move him. He was obstinate, and reiterated again and again that he proposed to keep it "for his trouble." Finally recourse was had to threats to compel him to hand over the money and accounts, and they succeeded where all other means had failed.

For its worthy interest, I write some description of the life of the noble man, in a few words. He

was born April 10th, 1729, in Naumburg, a village in Weissenfels, Germany, and, being the only son of a farmer, he was educated in the fear of God, by his father, a severe, but honest man, and prepared for the farm. His father was opposed to the boy's fondness for the sciences and music, which caused melancholy, and yet he bore it with patience. But when the father commanded him to marry a girl whom the latter did not like, he could no longer remain at home, and went, in 1750, to Dresden, Capital of Saxony, and found the mutes.

He spent his leisure in learning music, arithmetic and writing, and, then, by sparing what he could of his money, earned by giving lessons, he bought French and Latin books, and learned them with such zeal and perseverance that he could soon speak them fluently.

Fortune soon favored him, for he soon had so many scholars that he could live without sorrows, and even think of marrying. But suddenly, the seven years' war, of 1756, disturbed his home happiness. The Saxon troops must march out, and with them Heinicke. All his petitions were refused; Heinicke must go into the war, and, taking leave of his wife and child in tears, he went thither. On October 17th, 1756, taken prisoner with his corps, he was taken to Dresden, where he escaped from prison, by craft, passing the guards in the role of a violin player. He returned to his father's house at Naumburg, and was reconciled with his parents. But he could no longer live an idle life and, therefore, went to Jena, where he was admitted as a student in the university, where he could stay only one year, as he was liable to be recognized and seized by the Prussian recruiting officers. For that reason, in 1758, he went to Hamburg, where he gained his livelihood by private lessons and was, in 1760, on Klapstock's recommendation, secretary and house-teacher of Duke Schenck, in Copenhagen, Denmark. In 1768 he was teacher and chanter in Eppendorf, near Hamburg.

Having failed to break up the society in one way he immediately set to work to do it in another, and for a year and a half he has labored with a persistency, audacity and energy worthy of better cause and surprising in one who was lately so "tired and wanted a rest," and with what result is seen by the paragraph at the head of this article.

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A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

A PATHETIC STORY OF THE DYING VISIONS OF A LITTLE DEAF-MUTE.

(From the St. Louis Journal.)

The following story was told a *Journal* reporter yesterday by a lady whose veracity is undoubted. Some four weeks ago Carrie Wilson, an interesting little girl, aged about 10 years, after a protracted illness, died at the residence of her parents, No. 1,021 North Fourth street. From the day she entered this care-laden world her troubles began, for she was born a deaf-mute. Her parents were very poor people, able only by the strictest economy to shift through from one year to another, and the little one, whose organs of both hearing and speech had been stricken by the Divine hand, was looked upon as a something human, of course, but nothing more than a little bit of bodily ill, who would always, in her helplessness, have to be provided for. A few years ago her father died, and her mother found it doubly hard to support a large family of small children. About this time Mrs. Ann Bailey, a great-hearted Christian woman, residing at No. 2,708 Chouteau avenue, became acquainted with Mrs. Wilson's circumstances, and having a tender spot in her heart for the little unfortunate, for she also had a deaf daughter, concluded to adopt little Carrie. Mrs. Wilson was notaverse, and after a few weeks' sojourn in Mrs. Bailey's family, Carrie was sent to Fulton, Mo., to be educated under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. She spent two years there, acquiring knowledge with a degree of rapidity astonishing for one of her tender years, but her health, always poor, failed entirely, and she was brought back to St. Louis to die.

Mrs. Wilson had, in the meanwhile, married again, and being in better circumstances than when Mrs. Bailey adopted Carrie, requested that she should be once more placed under her care. The days went by, and the little innocent creature grew weaker and weaker, for consumption never relaxes its grasp from king or clod, princess or peasant. One forenoon Mrs. Bailey's family, Carrie was sent to Fulton, Mo., to be educated under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. She spent two years there, acquiring knowledge with a degree of rapidity astonishing for one of her tender years, but her health, always poor, failed entirely, and she was brought back to St. Louis to die.

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EASTER HYMN.

Jesus Christ our Lord has conquered,
And the grave has lost its prey;
He, the Hosts of Hell, had vanquished,
Torn the sting from Death away.
Fee! He rises
To the realms of endless day.

Lo! the angels throng to greet Him!
Glad to own him as their King;
With their praises glad receive Him,
Every honor to Him bring.
He the mighty,
Lord of Lords, King of Kings.

Thousands times ten thousand gather,
Marching through the azure sky,
Lifting high the royal banner
Of the King they glory.

Now they enter
Through the massive gates on high.

Hark! their charms, like the thunder,
As they tread the streets of gold;
Heavenly Hosts beyond all number,
Glory all their ranks unfold.

Lo! they crown Him,
And His hands all empire hold.

Hail! to Thee, O Christ, our Savior,
Once the crucified and slain:
Kingdom Thine shall be forever,
Spoiler, Thou, of sin and pain.

Thou art worthy,
Evermore to live and reign.

KENDALL GREEN.

THE FAR-SIGHTED BENEVOLENCE OF OLD HICKORY'S FRIEND.

From the Washington Post and Mirror, April 22, 1878.

As the visitor to "Kendall Green" approaches the old mansion by the shrubbery-embowered avenue, and catches a glimpse of the tall chimneys lifting their red lines above the magnificent trees that surround and bury the house from gaze in their tomb of "living green," he is impressed with the taste and the philanthropy possessed by the celebrated statesman whose estate is at once a monument to the one and an embodiment of the other. Occupying a site whose charming natural advantages excel any other location on the boundary line of the city, Kendall Green has justified the far-sighted benevolence of its founder, and to-day boasts what no Capital of the old world can claim as one of its possessions, a college for the education of deaf-mutes. The generous bequest to his country, which the friend and cabinet adviser of "Old Hickory" devised, will perpetuate the memory of his philanthropy in the speechless but eloquent vocal lives of the deaf-mutes whom that philanthropy prepares for any honorable and useful career, while the beautiful site of the institution will remain forever a beautiful tribute to his taste for the lovely and the pleasing in nature.

There is much in the demeanor of the students at Kendall Green to awake the thought that the deaf-mute youth is an improvement on the average urchin. There is an artless, innocent, genuine expression on his countenance that no one ever sees on the visage of the boy of the period. What an admirable House of Representatives would the graduates of Kendall Green make! What a Senate, more laconic than Spartan Ephori, more grave than Roman patricians, more silent than Monks of La Trappe, would a class of deaf-mute professors adorn and dignify! How much of "ragged edge" ness, for example, would the Senator from Utica have escaped, had he been a Kendall Green beneficiary! They are not all mutes there, it is true, but the novelty of never hearing a responsive answer to one's own voice tends to operate like a patent air brake on garrulity. Through the medium of tablet and pencil the visitor to the college may learn that there are forty-six students in the institution, representatives of thirteen different States, the western preponderating; that there are two departments, a primary and a collegiate, females being admitted to the classes of the former; that no student is admitted under twelve or over thirty years of age; and that, as already stated, Europe has no college for the education of deaf-mutes and this country but one. He may also learn that Mr. Ballard, one of the teachers, who married a Miss Freeman, one of his pupils, was the first graduate of a deaf-mute college. The short walk from "The Green" to the cars, at Seventh and H streets northeast, was enlivened yesterday for a Post reporter through the unspeakable emotions interchanged by two deaf-mute admirers of two vivacious young ladies from the home circle of Mrs. K. on New York avenue, where the deaf-mute boys are frequent evening visitors. The Misses K. converse in the mute language fluently, and the average caller finds exceedingly amusing the silent speech that soundlessly conveys ideas at these little scenes which the kind hearts of the young ladies give to the Kendall students, while the thinking visitor is impressed with the eloquence of speech where the voice is dumb, and startled by the paradox that ears drink in ideas where hearing is gone.

A DEAF-MUTE PRODIGY.

HE STARVES HIMSELF TO DEATH TO CURE JOOKS.

From the New Dominion Monthly

We will conclude this article by mentioning one instance of the extraordinary intellectual calibre of a congenital deaf-mute—a prodigy—which has never been in print before. Some years ago a benevolent gentleman found a red-headed, ragged, little deaf-mute in the streets of Glasgow, and took him to the school for deaf-mutes in that city. He showed extraordinary intelligence, and the gentleman thought he was a rough diamond, but capable of being highly polished by education and training. During the first session at school the boy shot ahead of every other pupil, and there were then more than a hundred, of them having been there for seven or eight years. The rapidity with which he learned was amazing; indeed, his memory was so retentive that what he once read he never forgot.

Such was the calibre of his mind that nothing was too difficult for his comprehension. He read books on mathematics, metaphysics and the like, whether they were printed in English, foreign or dead languages, which he also read with ease. When school was over he would rush to the library, take out a lot of books under his arms, and make his way to the nearest fire to read them, while his schoolmates directed their steps to the play-ground. Such was the force of habit that he would sit near the fire even during the summer while he studied. No wonder, with a mind so well stored with knowledge, he was a capital story-teller, and he never used signs since the day he could spell on his fingers. He was appointed an assistant teacher at the school, but he found the task too irksome, and left the institution to become a common laborer in order to make money more rapidly to purchase books. He spent all his money in books, and neglected his hobbies.

His books increased in number very fast, and they formed his table, chair and bed, by being piled one upon another in his lodgings. They were his only articles of furniture. The extraordinary learning of this deaf and dumb laborer attracted the attention of many gentlemen and his employers, who thought that he was not in his proper sphere. They determined to give him a better position, so that his fund of knowledge might be put to some use. They visited his lodgings for this purpose one day when he was not at his work, and found him dead on his bed of books, having literally starved his body to death to feed his hungry mind. He had everything ready for writing a book, which he said would astonish the world. There were several reams of paper and a large bottle of ink, showing that he fully intended to enter upon the work, but there was no indication of what work it would be. His stock of books were printed in several languages of the highest kind of literature. He was sixteen or eighteen years old when he died. He had a florid countenance, red hair, greenish eyes, inclining to blue, which gave him a peculiar expression.

THE KENDALL NINE.

The Kendall base-ball nine (deaf-mute) had an interesting game with the Arlington nine on Saturday. In some way these young men can play a pretty good game of ball, although they are debarred from the heaven-given privilege of a ball player, the multitudinous exercise of chin-music. Taking the game on Saturday as an example, the skill and grace with which they manipulate the ball and bat is only equaled by the manner in which they execute the intricacies of their finger syntax. In both pursuits they are a subject of study, instructive and amusing. The Kendall nine won the day—Washington Post, April 22, 1878.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS FOR DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 19th.
Cleveland, O., " 22d.
Chicago, Ill., " 26th.
Chicago, " (Dio'an Con'tion) 28th.
Battle Creek, Mich., " 29th.
Jackson, Mich., " 30th.
Pontiac, " 31st.
Detroit, " June 2d.
Flint, " 3d.
Detroit, " 4th.
Detroit, " (Dio'an Con'tion) 5th.
Cleveland, O., " 9th.
Pittsburg, Pa., (Dio'an Con'tion) 12th.
Dayton, O., " 14th.
Cincinnati, " 16th.
Louisville, Ky., " 23d.
Sheiby, O., " 27th.
Cleveland, " 30th.
Other appointments will be made later.

THE PRINCESS MERCEDES AT SCHOOL.

From a schoolmate's letter, in Scribner for April.

The princess was not formally introduced to us till after we had gone into class, when the superiors brought her in to show her seat. She had taken her hat off and looked very shy and pretty as she came in. She seemed to be a good deal embarrassed at facing so many girls, and hung her head a little, and answered in a very low voice when she was spoken to, but her eyes looked up bright and full of intelligence. There is something very attractive about her; she is perfectly simple and unassuming. She took her seat at her desk, and Anne de G— showed her about her lessons and the books she would need. I had a good chance to examine the princess as she sat directly in front of me. She is large and well-formed for her age, and sits up very straight, though she drops her head a little. Her complexion is very fine and clear, with a healthy tinge, and her features are pleasing, especially the eyes, which are of a soft gray or hazel, with dark lashes, deep set, and very bright and full of expression. Her hair is jet black, and splendidly thick and glossy. She wears it brushed tight to her head and braided in two braids, which are fastened low across the back of her head. The she has a very white throat and pretty shaped ears, and altogether promises to develop into quite a handsome woman. We had been told beforehand by the nuns that we must all call her "Madame." It seemed a funny idea to call such a little girl Madame, especially here, where we all call each other by our first names, whatever the difference in age or rank, but the nuns didn't think it right that we should be quite so familiar with a future queen. I noticed, however, that they themselves called her by her name, "Mercedes."

At the three o'clock recreation, instead of going to the play-grounds we had permission to walk up and down the alleys with Madame and show her the grounds, which we were delighted to do. We always like a walk, for then we can chatter to our heart's content, and after so many hours of study and silence, liberty to talk is what we most crave. But it turned out afterward that poor Madame was dreadfully disappointed at there not being any games, as she was crazy to play with us. We had such a shout at Louisa R—. When the rolls were being passed for tea she was told to put one on the princess's desk, and she looked up in such a surprised way and asked, "But can she eat plain bread?" Madame staid out with us till six. We all like what we have seen of her. She tries very hard to fall into all our ways, and was quite distressed at having a chair when the rest of us sat on stools. The chair was not much to boast of, but she didn't like being different in any way from the other girls.

Easter in Germany.

"Oh, look! look! all those pretty little Easter things in the window already!" exclaimed my little sister one day as we passed one of the larger confectionery stores in Stuttgart; and, true enough, though Lent was but half over, there they were, a pretty show. Eggs, of course, in quantities and of all sizes, from that of an ostrich to a humming bird's, made of chocolate or of sugar, and gaily decorated with little ribbons and pictures. Then there were fat little unfledged chickens, some just emerging from their shells, some not an inch long, and others large as life; pure white lambs, with ribbons and bells round their necks; paste-eggs, with holes at the ends, and, looking through, behold, a panorama inside! and eggs with roses on one side, which, when blown upon, emit a musical sound.

But odder than all these were the goats playing on guitars, or dragging behind them fairy-like egg-shaped carriages, with little harts gravely driving; and in others of these carriages were reclining one or two (generally two) baby hares, or a hare mother rocking her little one in an egg cradle; there were sugar balloons, in the baskets of which hares watched over their nests full of eggs; wheelbarrows full of eggs, and trundled by a hare; and dainty baskets of flowers, with birds perched upon each handle, peering down into nests of eggs half hidden amidst the blossoms. When one knows that each nest comes out, and forms the cover to a box of bonbons neatly concealed underneath, this pretty structure certainly loses none of its attractiveness.

In all directions signs of the approaching season begin to appear. Every old woman in the market-place offers for sale a store of hard boiled eggs, smeared over with some highly colored varnish, besides candy chickens, hares, etc., in abundance. All the various shop windows display pretty emblematic articles. Besides the sugar and chocolate eggs, there are eggs of soap and of glass; egg-shaped baskets and reticules; leather eggs, which really are ladies' companions, and filled with sewing implements; wooden eggs and porcelain eggs, and egg-shaped lockettes made of solid gold.

—St. Nicholas.

CONDENSED NEWS.

From a schoolmate's letter, in Scribner for April.

—Peter Marseilles, formerly a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, died April 21st, aged 84 years.

—Valentine Baker Pasha has left England for Constantinople for the purpose of writing a history of the late campaign.

—The deaths of two young women and the insanity of a third, attributed to overstudy at the Jersey City High School, are reported.

—John Carroll's shoe factory, at East Weymouth, Mass., burned April 22. Loss, \$22,000, and ninety persons thrown out of employment.

—A French military paper calls upon that government, in the interest of the French cavalry, to put a stop to the purchase of horses in Normandy.

—Leading New York merchants say the charges concerning the undervaluation of imported silks have been greatly exaggerated by the treasury commission.

—A riot occurred at an open political meeting held in the east end of the city of Montreal, in the evening of April 21. Twenty-four persons were leading New York merchants say the charges concerning the undervaluation of imported silks have been greatly exaggerated by the treasury commission.

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